

186

ECCLESIA REVIVISCENS

A

# POEM.

OR, A

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF

The Rise, Progress, and Present State

OF THE

New Reformation.

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*Pictoribus atque Poetis*

*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.*

Hor.

W. Gouge

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Licensed, and Entered according to Order, Sept. 18. 1691.

LONDON,

Printed for The Subscriber, at the Sign of the People, near the

ECCLÉSIA REFINISCENTS

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Oct 27 1952

# POEM.

OR  
SHORT ACCOUNT

OF  
The Rise, Progress, and Present State  
OF THE

Religious Association.

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By JOHN W. LUTHER, D.D.  
Author of "The Principles of the Christian Religion," &c.  
H. H. & C. 1827

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Printed and Sold by J. W. LUTHER, at the Book Store, No. 10, N. 2d St. N. York.

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LONDON:  
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M. C.

Middle Temple, Esq;

**H**AD it been my Ambition to have appear'd  
 in Print, I had many an Opportunity before  
 this to have done it: But Heaven knows a  
 greater Motive than that of gratifying my  
 own Humour in such an Aery Nation as that of vain  
 Glory, made me to appear thus openly on the World's Thea-  
 tre. 'Tis too visible in what a languishing State Religion  
 and every thing else that is Good and Sacred, at pre-  
 sent are. For notwithstanding the Pious Offers made  
 for a Reformation of Mens Manners, Vertue is still  
 abused, Vice preferred; the Good ridiculed, the Bad  
 admired; Seriousness is accounted Fanaticism and Hy-  
 pocrisie. Looseness of Manners a pleasant Humour and  
 Good Nature; Devotion is esteem'd Superstition,  
 Lukewarmness (and in many Prophaness) passes for  
 Zeal. Such is the sad and preposterous Scene our  
 degenerate Age at present opens to our View, that  
 one would think and conclude from thence, That Na-  
 ture, Reason and Religion were quite inverted.

## THE DEDICATION.

*What Courage, Conduct and Resolution is required to put these irregularities to rights again, is self-evident; but where to find this Rara Avis in terris, one qualified with all these, is the harder task by far. I must confess there are some of these Black Swans to be found; but so few are the Number of them, that let them be never so zealous in the Cause, yet there are so many (even of those who may mean well) of a more tender Constitution, more delicate Make, and a more fearful Nature; which out of a faint heartedness put a stop or at least a tardy Motion to what would otherwise move smoothly and briskly on. To spur on such to a more resolute Spirit, nothing (I thought) could more conduce than thus openly to let them understand, that there are not wanting such as take notice of their Weakness, and Pusillanimity: And that the fault of not Reforming the Degeneracy of the Age, will ly at their Doors; and how sad the consequence of that will be, I tremble to think on.*

*Let so nice have I been in making my Reflections, that I have all along avoided the doing of it with that Raging the thing might really require; lest I should appear in the eyes of some as an Abuser, and not an Asserter of that Government I always loved, honoured, and admired. The Characters I have been forced to use to describe some particular persons, I took care should not be framed beyond the truth; tho I was unwilling (since I made bold to mention them) to speak less of them than they deserved. Looking up-*



## THE DEDICATION.

on the Debauchery of the Times, and the Meanness of my Undertaking, I cannot but expect to be hiss'd off the Stage; which for my own part, I as little value as I do the snarling of Curs. It being not the prejudiced Multitudes suffrage, but the Applause of the Good and Judicious, that I court or desire. Since the Cause is good, and my designs sincere, I made bold (Sir) to fly there for refuge, where I might find Protection both for them and my self. For the zeal and good will I perceive you have for the Reformation, together with other private Obligations, animated me to throw both my self and my poor Essays under your Patronage. I hope you will pardon my Presumption, and accept of this Trifle as a small acknowledgement of your Favours, tho' it be not set off with *summe* Flattery, or any unbecoming Hyperbolical Compliments. In confidence whereof I subscribe my self

Your Most

Devoted Servant,

W. Jones

## ADVERTISEMENT.

There is in the Press two curious new Books never Printed before, which will be very speedily published by *The Stationer*, at the Sign of the Temple, near Temple-Bar, in Fleetstreet, viz.

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F I N I S.

*ECCLESIA REVIVISCENS.*

*A*  
**POEM.**

**A** Solitary *Evening* 'twas, when I  
Sate Musing in beloved *Privacy*; (and there  
Whole *swarms* of *Thoughts* were hovering here,  
Within my Breast, like *Bees* they knew not where  
To fix, one while this *Flower* they taste, and then  
Nib that, and strait upon the *Wing* again.  
At Last, a serious *Thought* came in my Head;  
Hush'd all the Rest, their *Buzzing* quieted.  
Then came into my *Mind* one *Meditation*,  
The Offers that were made for *Reformation*;  
I view'd the *Scheme*, and saw how all things stood  
So fair, as if the *Fashion* to be Good  
Were coming up; I mark'd the forwardness  
Of the first starting Out, and hop'd *Success*  
Would follow what so bravely was begun,  
And that a Noble *Glorious End* would *Crown*  
Such just *Proceedings*; but alas! I found  
A sudden stop; the *Zealots* lose their Ground.

# A POEM.

As if surpriz'd, I wonder'd what they meant,  
And sorry was to see good Men *Recant*,  
So soon their Pious Motions should Repent.

Whilst thus I ponder'd, up my *Fancy* caught  
Me and my *Muse*, and in an instant brought  
Both of us where the *Noble Congress* sat  
In close dispute, and in a deep debate.  
One argued this, Another that, a Third  
Rose up and spake, and then a Fourth was heard.  
So went the matter round; ~~an~~ one by one  
Gave in this weighty Point opinion:  
Some were for quick dispatch, others were slow  
Therein, at last ~~they~~ yields to *Potent No*:  
The *Majestious Party* ~~was~~ the *True*,  
*Cowards* ~~have~~ *always* had the longest *Tongue*.

Mean while I took a View of all the *Round*,  
Read every face I met, at last I found  
An *Object* worth my Praise; I singled out  
A *Man* whose *Soul* above the *Common Rout*  
Was elevated, One whose *Mind* so high  
Was rais'd above the *Worlds* base *Obloquy*.  
That what it said or did, He did not fear,  
He thought his *Master's Cause* more worth, more dear  
Than *Life* it self; his *All* could sacrifice  
To set up *Vertue*, *Sin* to dethronize.  
For, tho' his Pious *Offers* were so Great;  
T' himself nought else but *Envy* he *Creates*.  
But for his *Zeal* t' advance *Religion*  
Is term'd the arrant *Madman* of the *Town*.  
Thus with a full *Survey*, having fed my eyes,  
Th' *Assembly* breaking up began to rise.  
Adjourn'd the business till a better Day  
Should offer; but before they went a way,  
Me thought a *Consort* of *Harmonious sound*,  
Struck from the *Spheres*; whose *Echo* did rebound

On earth; each Face was fill'd with strange surprize,  
 And knew not from this *Pretence* what to guess  
 Would follow. —  
 At last a *Winged Messenger* steps in,  
 All *Light*, all *radiant Lustre*, all *Divine*.  
 He bore the *shape*, the self same *Air* did grace  
 His *Visage*, as did once *Good Archang's* face,  
 So like *Him* that you'd swear it were the same,  
 Only that *Mortal*, this in *Glory* came:  
 He view'd the trembling *Sages*, all struck *Dumb*,  
 An awful silence fill'd the spacious *Room*;  
 He shak'd his *Head*, and with a frowning *Look*,  
 Such as became his *presence*, thus he spoke.

## Uther's Ghost.

GOOD God! — Is all but *Talk*, but *Noise*, but *Shew* ?  
 Must *Heaven* as well as *Earth* b' impos'd on too ?  
 Are all the fair *Pretences* come to this ?  
 Thus fall the *Great*, the *Glorious Enterprize* ?  
 Are all th' *Indeavour's* for a *Reformation* ?  
 Become at last the *Banter* of the *Nation* ?  
 Bless me ! — Where's *Vertue* ? Whither is it fled ?  
 What has it done it dares not shew a *Head*,  
 'Gainst *Vice* ? Are *Justice*, *Faith*, *Religion*,  
*Honour*, *Pure Zeal*, *servent Devotion*,  
 And *Christian Courage*, *Empty nothings* grown ?  
 Are they but only *Names*, *shadow*, *false Lights* ?  
 To amuse with *Dawling Lustre* the short *sights* ?  
 Of the *unchinking Crowd* : *Astrae* true  
 Is gone, But shall *Religion* follow too ?  
 Shall she return to her *Original*,  
 Affronted, Sullied, Slighted, Scorn'd by *All* ?

' Shall *Holy Farce, Shame, Zeal, and Bigotry*;  
 ' Spread 'ore the World like th' *Arrian Heresie*;  
 ' Prevail against true *Christian Piety*?  
 ' Shall that which cost so dear, a *Saviours Blood*,  
 ' The planting, valued highly by the *Good*,  
 ' And *Just*, for which they often sacrific'd  
 ' Their Lives, be now so low, so meanly priz'd?  
 ' Expos'd to be the *Common Ridicule*  
 ' Of every *Coxcomb* and *Buffooning Fool*?  
 ' A *Scandal* to the *Atheist, Turk, and Jew*?  
 ' Occasion their *Dislike, and Laughter* too?  
 ' *Oh Heavens!* — Were ever men so false before?  
 ' False to your own designs? For none could more  
 ' Than some of you did once pretend to do,  
 ' Yet how, you halt, as if afraid to thro'?  
 ' A *Lyon's* in the way, at first asleep  
 ' You thought him, but being rous'd, you wisely keep  
 ' Your distance. Were there *Honour* in the case  
 ' Out of the Reach of *Danger* set, the place  
 ' And Office of *Reformer*, many would  
 ' Take up; but 'tis above weak *Flesh and Blood*  
 ' To grapple with *Great Vice*, even in the face  
 ' Of *Death*, or *Banishment*, or foul *disgrace*.  
 ' This makes you one day preach up *Reformation*  
 ' And on the *Morrow* plead for *Toleratation*.  
 ' *Poor Pagan Christian England!* Sad's thy *Doom*,  
 ' When not one *Hero* can, or will presume  
 ' To espouse thy *Quarrel*, or defend thy *Cause*,  
 ' Tho' back'd with all, both *God's and Humane Laws*.  
 ' *Apostatizing Age!* *Degenerate*  
 ' From all that's *Noble, Constant, Good and Great!*  
 ' *How base! How vile! And how effeminate!*  
 ' *Poor Isle!* Thou once couldst boast of *Worthies* too  
 ' As well as other *Nations*, which could do  
 ' More than they idly said, which bravely could  
 ' Their well-built *Faithful* with their precious *Blood*



' And give large Testimonials what they were,  
 ' By enduring *Wheels, the Rack, the Cross, the Fire*:  
 ' These were the *Patriots*, that reform'd the State  
 ' Oth' *Church*, in spite of all th' attempts of Great  
 ' And *Mighty Potentates*. These were the Men  
 ' Dispell'd Rome's *Mists and errors*, brought again  
 ' *Light* to this *Northern World*: These were the *Souls*  
 ' Triumph'd o're *Hell*, Out dar'd its vain *Controuls*:  
 ' Carry'd no fear but awful Majesty  
 ' Within their *Looks*; Their mind all *Gallantry*:  
 ' Such was their *Spirit* as did once reside  
 ' Mongst the poor *Fishermen*, whose *bumble Pride*,  
 ' Contemn'd the *Rulers threats*, choose to offend  
 ' A *Monarch*, rather than pervert the *End*:  
 ' For which they were set up, the *Cause* being good,  
 ' Swell'd up their *Veins* with true *Heroick blood*:  
 ' Inspir'd those *Babes in Wisdom* to confound  
 ' The *sophistry* oth' *World*, and preach around  
 ' The *Barbarous Globe* harsh *Doctrines* to the sense,  
 ' Such as *Repentance, Faith, Obedience*:  
 ' Nor did they mince the matter, though it cost  
 ' Them dearly, though their *All*, their *Lives* they lost:  
 ' In the performance, 'twas a *Glorious deed*  
 ' To dare dye for the *Truth*, and dare to bleed  
 ' To advance the *Churches borders*, which did spread  
 ' On *Martyrs Ashes*, o're the *World* its *Head*.  
 ' Where is this *English Christian Courage* gone?  
 ' Where is it sneak'd away? Are there none  
 ' Within this *Isle* of that rich noble vein?  
 ' Within this *Grave Assembly* here? that can  
 ' Lead up the *Kin* in *Vertues Cause*, and dare  
 ' In her behalf proclaim an open *War*:  
 ' Gainst *Vice*, that *Great usurping Tyrant*, who  
 ' Is *Lord* o'th' *Christian World* and *Pagan* too.  
 ' What makes the *Wheels* of your designs to move  
 ' So slowly on? Are you afraid t' approve

' Your selves the *Patres Patrie* in your Station,  
 ' By carrying on the wish'd-for Reformation?  
 ' What makes you halt? What makes you thus delay,  
 ' Where is't you stick? What is't you want? D'ye stay  
 ' Till Heaven a signal *Approbation*  
 ' Shall give thereto? At *Aggrhin* that was done.  
 ' Rouse up your spirits then, Act, act, the men,  
 ' Be bold, be just, bear not the *Sword* in vain:  
 ' *Who spares the Bad, injures the Good.* Let not  
 ' Your Stars go *Retrograde*, let no such Blot  
 ' As *Refuge* sully your noble *Fame*,  
 ' Nor base *Recenter* fix upon your Name.  
 ' Your Cause is almost Ripe, be not so weak,  
 ' Your hopeful teeming *Project* to forsake  
 ' Ere it be hatch'd; but let your *Zealous* beat  
 ' Sit brooding o're your tender young, till that  
 ' The little *Eaglet* dares to fly alone  
 ' In this obscure benighted *Region*.  
 ' Redeem your *Honour*, which is almost lost,  
 ' Since your design in *Bartholomew* was cross.  
 ' One would have thought, nay the worst Man would guess  
 ' Three days enough in *Conscience* to displease  
 ' By open *Authorized Wickedness*  
 ' The patient, weak, long-suffering *Majesty*  
 ' Of *Heaven's Eternal King*. But here you see  
 ' A piece of *Impudence* petitioning  
 ' For their old *Custom* in a *Fortnight's Sin*!  
 ' Granted it was! Oh *Heavens*! What *Confidence*!  
 ' Is there on Earth, wherein poor *Innocence*  
 ' May find a *Refuge* in her low *Estate*?  
 ' Since those that would, dare not *commiserate*?  
 ' What can she hope for now, since from the Throne  
 ' Of *Kings*, *Vice* dares to crave *Protection*?  
 ' Yes she doth hope, she hopes from you to have  
 ' A *Resurrection* from *Dishonours Grave*;

"What tho the ungrateful World doth her forsake?  
 "She's Comly and deserves your Love; the Black;  
 "What tho her outward Reby, are mean and Bent?  
 "A Handsome Face need no other Complement;  
 "What tho you meet with Opposition;  
 "In your Resolves, yet, yet go boldly on;  
 "Ne're shrink a jot at these poor drizzling Showrs,  
 "Defie the Hand that sends them, scorn the Pow'rs  
 "Of Hell, which will no doubt do what they can  
 "To frustrate your designs, and make them vain.  
 "Be Men for once, Recall your Courage Home,  
 "Do some brave Noble Deed, that tho' age to come  
 "May bless you for, such as may vindicate  
 "Your Honours, and proclaim you truly Great;  
 "Such as may signalize you here, and do  
 "An Earnest for a blest'd Eternity.  
 "But if you should (which Heavens avert!) thro' Fear  
 "Or Interest, or both, forsake your Dear  
 "And once beloved Project; if you swerve  
 "From what you have begun, Can you deserve  
 "Such Glorious Names as now you could? No! No!  
 "Your Narrow Souls must have such Tyranny;  
 "And all will spit upon your Memory  
 "Disturb your very Graves and Dust, then cry  
 "In railing Ridicule, Here, Here, do Lye  
 "The brave Reformers, who our Mother Church  
 "Reform'd half-way, then left her to the Turk;  
 "Besides when poor dejected Wretches shall  
 "From your unjust Iniquitous Courts appeal  
 "To Heavens High-Court of Justice, what will you  
 "Answer for your Neglects? I speak this to  
 "This Sacred Round of Prelates, Ministers,  
 "Judges, Chief Magistrates, and others here;  
 "What will you say? How can you justify  
 "Your bare Committance as Debauchers;  
 "But the Courtiers were amiable;  
 "Much

' Much more the not exerting of that Power  
 ' Heaven put into your Hands to bring it lower  
 ' No need of Prophecy to tell you that,  
 ' Yours will be like the Careless Wreckmans fate:  
 ' Whatever Soul shall perish in the Land,  
 ' His Blood shall be required at your Hand:  
 ' Which is a greater Judgment, worse by far  
 ' Than Abdications, Quo-Warrantos are.

Thus said They all on one another start'd,  
 And knew not how to Relish what they heard:  
 Bless me (crys one himself) I thought I should  
 Had been among our selves that drove the Plough  
 With too much Speed: But this Brave Termagant  
 Out does bold S. ——— and the Zealous S. ———  
 Of. . . . . We thought too high their Zeal  
 Did burn: But now how weak & how low & how pale  
 It doth appear, compar'd to that bright fire  
 That doth this Reverend Deny God inspire  
 At last in speech one bolder than the rest,  
 Uncharm'd his Tongue, and thus himself exprest  
 We are, if all our Hearts were search'd thro  
 As zealous for the Cause (Great Saint) as you:  
 This none Deny, that will reflect upon  
 Our Actions, and consider what we've done,  
 None in this Round but we Well-wishers  
 The thing in hand, and willingly would do  
 Our utmost poor deserv'd Good advances,  
 And daring Wickedness discountenance;  
 Has not this Lord, that Knight, this Gentleman  
 Been vigorous in the business? For they can  
 Do nothing past their strength, nor can they dare  
 Boast of more force and Power; They Mortals are  
 How many various Methods have there been,  
 Which we have used for the suppressing Sin:  
 We've try'd all ways; consulting this, then that  
 But till our Counsels were annihilate;

We us'd these means, no sooner did they fail,  
 But strait we try'd if others could prevail:  
 Yet still we met with Disappointments, still  
 A Contradicting Spirit in the Isle  
 Did often crush our hopeful Issue, so  
 As what was Quick, prov'd a dead Embryo.

Did not this Man prepare a Bill? Approved  
 By all that God and his Religion loved:  
 Made against Atheism; Swearing; Blasphemy;  
 Cursing; all sins against the Deity;  
 'Gainst common Whoring, Beastly Drunkenness;  
 Prophaning of the Sabbath, Idleness?  
 Did not our Judges and our Prelats too  
 Like the Proposal well? And said 'would do  
 Nay more than this, (so far the business went) }  
 Did not Great S——— profer to present }  
 The Bill to th' Upper House of P——— }  
 But what's th' Event? The Peer just plucking out  
 The Bill to offer, chanced to look about,  
 And on a sudden saw those pressing in  
 Would prove no favourers of the new design:  
 He wisely then drew back, clapp'd up his Notes,  
 And blest his Stars, that from these Silken Coats  
 He had escap'd such danger, might undo  
 Both him and all his Reverend Brethren too:  
 He held his Tongue, in silence went away,  
 Deserr'd presenting till another day;  
 Which like the Sinners Morrow, never came;  
 Thus fell the Bill, throw'd out of doors with shame,  
 And sine die sent away, there were  
 No Hopes remaining of Revival there,  
 One would have thought, this one Discouragement,  
 Enough to baffle this Good Man's intent.  
 But yet we find him unconcern'd, and free  
 From Cowardize and Fear, All Constancy.

Tho disappointed by the Members, yet  
 He thought it fit the Grievance to repeat  
 Unto the Head. His Cause was heard; and He  
 Had publick Audience of his Majesty  
 Who Issued out under his Royal Hand  
 And Signet; This his just and strict Command  
 That all the Reverend Fathers of the Land  
 Should charge the Clergy of their Diocess  
 To preach up vertue, and Declaim'gainst Vice;  
 This Princely Conduct did once more Revive  
 Our fainting hopelesse hearts; and bid us Live  
 Live to behold a farther Progress made  
 In that, which such a fair Proemium had;  
 This Wing'd us on, This, This did Animate  
 Our Souls, and did inspire what'e'r was Great  
 In our desigs; gave resolution  
 To carry on what was so well begun.  
 The Ground-Work laid so firm, we thought it best  
 Thereon a Superstructure, Richly deck'd  
 With Ornamental Goodness, which should be  
 Supported by Faith, Hope and Charity;  
 Unspotted Lives, pure Zeal, and Piety;  
 But whilst we thus the Model fram'd, and Meant  
 To put in practise this our Good Intent  
 The Throne our very Wishes did prevent;  
 Vouchsaf'd Unask'd A free Protection  
 Unto our Cause, and Spurr'd us briskly On.  
 The Queen became our Patroness. So kind  
 Was Majesty! so much to Good inclin'd!  
 Her Royal Hand dispatch'd a Message to  
 Her Justices, and Charg'd them what to do.  
 Chear up poor Vertue, Value not the spite  
 Of Envious Vice; White-Hall's thy Proselite  
 We then did Cry: and Hop'd our Work would be  
 Successful, since 'twas back'd by Authority



Hicks's-Hall was full of Smiles, and all the Land  
 (I mean the Sober part) at this Command  
 Rejoic'd; in hopes that now the time was come,  
 This Isle should serve no longer Sin nor Rome.  
 Ready they were to shout; Great Babylon  
 Is fall'n, and Dagon too is tumbling down.  
 Nay every Man thought now the Work would move  
 On Wheels, and prosperous be, since that the Dove  
 Sat perching on the Sceptre, since the Crown  
 Smil'd on the Truth; favour'd Religion.  
 Regis ad Exemplum was the Common Theme  
 The Dons did Work upon, nor did they Dream  
 Their time away: Orders were Issued out,  
 Sent here and there, and posted round about:  
 Nor was the City idle, P——n  
 Dispatch'd his Orders through the Wondring Town;  
 Each place was full, that all that run might read;  
 That none th'excuse of Ignorance might plead:  
 Thus was the Onset made on every side,  
 All ways to Storm this Cittadel were try'd;  
 So fierce th'Assault, that no Spectator would  
 Have doubted but th'Event would prove as good;  
 But mark what follows, Sin out-dares the Men,  
 Laughs at their Weak Efforts, bids them agen  
 To rally up their utmost Force, and try  
 If they could make her Ramparts level lie:  
 Vice sits aloft, exalted as before,  
 Defies the puiſne though united Power;  
 Which joyns in vain to bring her Standard lower.  
 The Swearer Swears on still, and fears no Law:  
 Nor can the stricter Statutes keep in awe  
 The filthy beastly Letcher, still he must  
 And will in spite of all indulge his Lust.  
 Night-Walkers are as frequent now as ever  
 Seem unconcern'd at the six Nights Endeavour.

The Rambler made, and Drunkenness is still,  
 As 'twas before, the Darling of the Isle.  
 Prophaning of the Sabbath is by all  
 Accounted, if a Sin, but very small;  
 Although God's Judgments loudly do declare,  
 At breach thereof, what his Displeasures are;  
 Though Plagues th' Offenders meet; though Drury-Lane  
 Gives up its Dead-drunk Tiplers; Yet they can  
 Be Atheists, Devils, All, but Puritan.  
 To what then do our best Essays amount?  
 Even just to to nothing, turn to no account:  
 And that which most of all stocks our design  
 Is the Allowance of a Fortnights Sin  
 To Smithfield Revellers: For what can we  
 A Handful do, since the Majority,  
 Whatever we Enact, will Countermand;  
 Outweigh our Cause and banish it the Land.  
 But though our Enterprise is baffled, yet  
 You see within this place again we're met;  
 Met to Consult anew, fresh Measures take,  
 Since that the last prov'd vain; to undertake  
 At safer Method, other Ways, which Sin  
 Can ne'er find out, nor never Countermine.  
 We find that fair and softly makes more haste,  
 Than those which, Jehu-like, drive on too fast;  
 And have resolv'd no longer to resist  
 With open Violence; but to desist  
 From giving Sin its Mortal, Deadly Wound,  
 Till fair Occasion shall the Larum Sound,  
 And bid us strike the blow; at warning we  
 Shall Welcome th' offer'd Opportunity:  
 Till which Good Time Time 'tis prudence for to wait;  
 There's Policy in Church as well as State.  
 ' Ha! Is it so (crys Usher's shade) shall Vice  
 ' Have its Abettors? And shall Righteousness

' Have none, but such as are afraid to own  
 ' Themselves as such? How stupid are you grown  
 ' To think that such weak Methods will perform  
 ' So great a Task? Who taught you to Reform  
 ' By Policy? Had the first Christians gon  
 ' So long away about, Religion  
 ' Had been but in its Nonage now, and You  
 ' Had been as Anti-Christian as the Jew.  
 ' 'Twas Boldness, Courage, Magnanimity,  
 ' Undaunted Hearts, and readiness to die,  
 ' Rather than Christ their Master to deny;  
 ' That Eterniz'd their Names, the Rubrick fill'd  
 ' With Martyrs, did a copious matter yield  
 ' For imitation: This did spread the Truth  
 ' All o'er the World, to East, West, North, and South,  
 ' The Church ne'er thriv'd so well, than when it had  
 ' Such daring Souls, as ready were and glad  
 ' To meet a danger, such as could embrace  
 ' The Cross, if Truth were fix'd thereon, and place  
 ' Their Confidence in an Almighty Power;  
 ' In whose though unseen Arms they were secure:  
 ' They fear'd no Tyrants threats, but scorn'd his frowns;  
 ' What would they've done, if they like you had Crowns  
 ' And Scepters on their side? Dye think they'd need  
 ' Your Politicks? Dye think they'd stop their speed  
 ' For fear of one Great Vicious Lord or two  
 ' That stood i'th way? No! they would boldly thro;  
 ' Fear no Opposers, never Complement  
 ' A Vice because 'twas Great, nor be content  
 ' To see dejected Vertue, nor their Blood  
 ' Would rise thereat, their Holy Anger would  
 ' Inspire their Hands, to use some means or other  
 ' To advance the One, and sin entirely smother:  
 ' For Vice is Vice, although in Purple Roles,  
 ' And Vertue's Vertue, though in Dumb-bell Jobs.

' Were I (*weak*) but on the Stage again;  
 ' Nodoubt but what I'd act more like a Man:  
 ' No Swearing, Curfing, Oaths, nor Blasphemies,  
 ' Should scape my Ash; nor any Sin be free  
 ' From an Arraignment: *Whoredom, Drunkenness,*  
 ' Prophaning of the Sabbath, Idleness,  
 ' Should all alike *be impeach'd*: I'd sacrifice  
 ' All these, although the Age's *Isaac*, to  
 ' Appease my angry God, and gladly too;  
 ' Glad would I be, could I by this atone  
 ' Heaven's Majesty for what this *He* had done;  
 ' Nor should the *glauncing* Multitude affright  
 ' Me from my Duty, but with all my might  
 ' I'd force my Way, no Sex nor no degree  
 ' I'd spare, but *Kice* in *Clown* and *Majesty*  
 ' I'd use alike: Were *Ahab, Jezebel*  
 ' Sat on the Throne, *Elijah*-like I'd tell  
 ' Them of their faults, and loudly would proclaim  
 ' Their Punishments, in case they'd not reclaim  
 ' Their open, crying Sins; would not command  
 ' Baal's Priests, and Manners to depart the Land;  
 ' But Heavens be praised! *Jehovah*-*Finest* sent  
 ' You milder Powers, rais'd up his Instruments  
 ' Both King and Queen are Nurfing Parents now  
 ' Unto the Church: How hopeful would she grow  
 ' Under such Tutelage, were Sin but once  
 ' Under the Cloud put out of Countenance?  
 ' 'Tis such as you must Patronize her Cause,  
 ' And put in execution these Good Laws  
 ' Are extant in her favour, and procure  
 ' More strong and strict to make the Work more sure,  
 ' Leave Policy to Worldy-minded Fools,  
 ' To Heartless Cowards, and disputing Schools,  
 ' Let Courage bear your Standard: as you've been  
 ' Brave Heroes hitherto, so still remain.  
 ' Be good, be wise, be bold, and persevere  
 ' In what you have begun, let neither fear

' Nor

' Nor *Interest* pervert you; let m' inspire  
 ' For once this *Round* with true *Heroick* fire,  
 ' Such as may animate your *Souls*, and be  
 ' Th' *Incentive* to true *Magnanimity*,  
 ' Such as may all provoke such as may urge  
 ' Your *Zeal* this *Land* of all its filth to purge:  
 ' Ay purge it clean, leave not one spot behind,  
 ' Not one *Temptation*, whence a *willing Mind*  
 ' May take *occasion* to return again;  
 ' And make his former *Reformation* Vain.

With that he *breath'd* upon them all, and strait  
 Vanish'd away amidst a beam of *Light*:

He left them all in *Wonder*, all amaz'd;  
 All trembled, and on one another gaz'd.

At last recover'd of their *Trance*, they found  
 A *Nobler Vein* did beat, their *Blood* danc'd round

With *quicker motion* than was usual,  
 Which gave new *Life*, new *Vigour* unto all:

Their *Countenance* was alter'd, *Spirits* high  
 And daring such as could with *Majesty*

Contend, and all the *Powers of Hell* defie;  
 They chang'd their former *Resolution*,

Instead of *Slowly*, now they'll *Hurry* on:  
 Resolv'd they are to follow his *advice*

In prosecuting *briskly* every *Vice*:

Wheree're they find it, neither *Lord* nor *Peer*  
 Should plead their *Privilege* & exempt them here:

Such was their brave design, and so resolved  
 They parted, thus th' *Assembly* was dissolv'd.

All gone, the *Scene* chang'd to a *private Rome*,  
 Where quick as thought my *Muse* and I were come.

Resting a while; we after did reflect  
 On what we saw and heard, which did affect

Our mind with joy, to think *Religion*

And what was good would be the *fashion*



Of Court, and City, Town and Country too.  
 I did rejoyce at what those *Dons* would do  
 For this poor *Ile*, and hop'd success would crown  
 Their great Designs: A Poet's Oraison  
 Shan't wanting be, so much my *Muse* and I  
 Will promise for our parts. That Majesty  
 The Cause may favour, o're to him we'll fly,  
 And beg him thus with Importunity.

Return, *Illustrious Sir*! Great *NASSAU*! come,  
 And let thy presence bless thy adopted home:  
 Return victorious Prince! And let once more  
 Our Cannon play thy welcome on the shore!  
 Breath a soft Gale, ye Winds! Be calm, ye Seas!  
 And waft our *Cæsar* home again in peace!  
 Shut up thy long Campaign, Laborious Prince!  
 All Europe's sensible, and are convinc'd  
 Of thy industrious care, thy Foes to fight,  
 And were spectators of their base Retreat.  
 And who could blame them for declining thus  
 To fight with one gainst them still prosperous?  
 Burnt children dread the Fire, and so did they  
 From their Old Scourge (brave Orange) fly away.  
 Return in Triumph then, *MARIA*'s Arms  
 Are open to embrace thee, let her Charms  
 All Innocent, all Heavenly, all Divine  
 Refresh thy Godlike Soul, like Nectar Wine;  
 And when thy great, Heroick spirits are  
 Recover'd from their long Fatigue in War.  
 Joyn with the Partner of thy Bed and Throne  
 (For female strength is weak when plac'd alone)  
 To set up *Vertue*, Vice to tumble down.  
 Tho' *Luxembourg* won't fight, yet here are Foes  
 That Heaven it self defie, and will oppose  
 Thy Arms. Behold, Great Prince! Behold how they  
 Are form'd into a strong *Battalia*;



See daring *Vice* is got into a Head,  
 And scorns controul, let it no farther spread,  
 It's dire contagion here, but interpose  
 Thy *Power*, and quell those open, common Foes  
 'Tis *sin*, whatever the World may think, that is  
 The greatest *Obstacle* to your success:  
 'Tis *sin*, and not so much the *Lewis d'Or*;  
 Blows up our *Magazines*, betrays our *Stores*;  
 Corrupts our *Officers*, and undermines  
 Our C——*Board*, discovers our *Designs*  
 To *France* and *Rome*; 'tis *tolerated sin*  
 That is conniv'd at; that which lurks within  
 Our private *walls*, does bring us greater harms,  
 Than open *Enemies* by force of *Arms*.  
 Remove but this, and mark how all things will  
 Move smoothly on; apace the *unbogg'd Wheel*  
 Will turn, besides one single *Victory*  
 O're *Vice* of greater consequence would be  
 Than *Ten* at *Flanders* or the *Boyn*. Thy name  
 Will not recorded only be by *Fame*,  
 But *Leaves* more lasting than the *solid Brass*.  
 Will register thy noble *Deeds*, and place  
 Thy sacred never-dying *Memory*  
 In the *Records* of *Immortality*.  
 Not only *Men* thy praises will resound  
 From *Pole* to *Pole*, and all the *World* around;  
 But *Saints* and *Angels*, *Ministers* of *light*,  
 In praising *God* and thee will take delight,  
 Thy worth will all the *Heavenly Quire* rehearse  
 In *artful Numbers* and *Seraphick Verse*.

M E O

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